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711. ——— Poems for Our Children. De-
signed for Families, Sabbath Schools, and Infant

Schools. Written to inculcate moral truths and
virtuous sentiments. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.
8vo, wrappers. Boston, 1830. \$2.00

'The first appearance' of that "Immortal Poem," "Mary
had a Little Lamb."

712. ——— Juvenile Lyre; or, Hymns and
Songs, Religious, Moral and Cheerful, set to
appropriate music. (By Lowell Mason and E.
Ives, Jr.) 8vo, boards. Boston, 1833. \$1.50

Has the famous poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," set to
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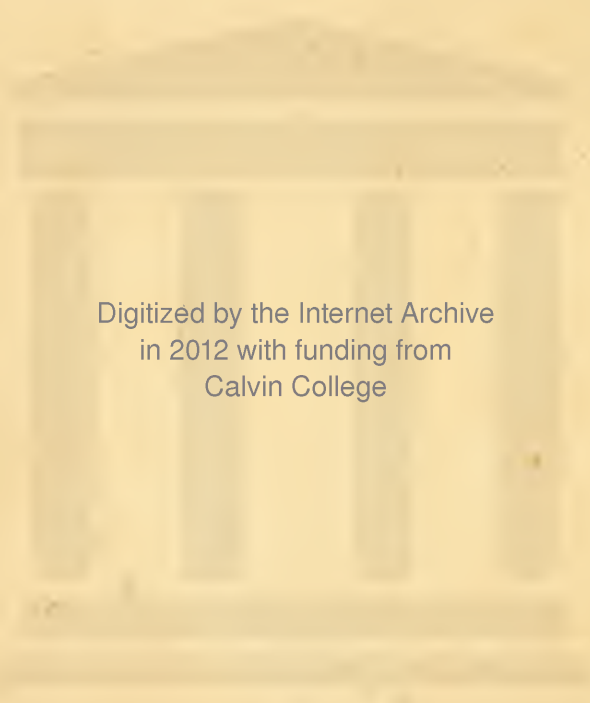
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"At that time," says Dr. Smith, "I was a student in the Theological Seminary at Andover. One day [Mr. Mason] brought me the whole mass of his books, some bound and some in pamphlet form, and said, in his simple and childlike way, 'There, Mr. Woodbridge has brought me these books. I don't know what is in them. I can't read German, but you can. I wish you would look over them as you find time, and if you fall in with anything I can use, any hymns or songs for the children, I wish you would translate them into English poetry; or, if you prefer, compose hymns or songs of your own, of the same metre and accent with the German, so that I can use them.'

"I accepted the trust not unwillingly, as an agreeable recreation from graver studies, and from time to time gave him the results of my efforts. Thus he was furnished with several hymns for the *Spiritual Songs*, which he was issuing in numbers; also for the *Juvenile Lyre*, the first book of children's music ever published in this country, in which most of the songs were my own translations from Naegeli and other German composers



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JUVENILE LYRE:



OR

HYMNS AND SONGS,

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND CHEERFUL.

SET TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

FOR THE USE OF

PRIMARY AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

✓
Loyd Mason LE

✓
Typeset 7

BOSTON:

J. H. WILKINS, & R. B. CARTER.

1836.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of February, A. D. 1831, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Melvin Lord and John C. Holbrook, of the said District, have deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* : -

'Juvenile Lyre; or Hymns and Songs, Religious, Moral, and Cheerful, set to appropriate Music. For the Use of Primary and Common Schools.'

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an Act entitled, 'An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints.'

JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E .

It has been almost universally believed, that Providence has distributed the peculiar powers necessary for the successful cultivation of the art of singing, with a hand so very unequal, that the few who are favored, become musicians without difficulty, and almost without instruction or effort, while to the vast majority the attainment of any valuable degree of musical skill is almost entirely hopeless. In this supposed decision of Providence, mankind have generally acquiesced, and have allowed this art to remain solely in the possession of the few, not because they have regarded it as of little value, but because they have considered its attainment impracticable.

A change is, however, very rapidly taking place, upon this subject, in the public mind. Proofs of the very general, if not universal, power to understand the distinctions of musical sound, and to control, in accordance with them, the modulations of the voice, are multiplying. The number of the young who receive instruction, and make successful progress in this art, is rapidly increasing; and as the hope arises that this acquisition may be made by all, it is viewed with more attention, and its various advantages are more and more highly appreciated. Let us briefly mention some of them.

1. It is a most important means of promoting devotional feelings in the worship of God; and it is far more powerful in its effects upon those who *join in it*, than upon those who merely *listen*. It is to be hoped, that the time is coming, when none, who do not labor under peculiar incapacities, will consent to be excluded from this delightful part of divine service, or feel themselves excused from joining in the praises of their Creator.

2. Music is, in itself, a source of the purest enjoyment. It may occupy the vacant hours, express, innocently and happily, the lively feelings of childhood and youth, and afford rest and refreshment to the mind wearied with the cares and labors of life. The gladness of the heart is calmed, but deepened by its power; and sorrow almost becomes enjoyment, by being expressed in song.

3. It promotes health. As a mere exercise, it is considered by many physicians as a most valuable means of strengthening the lungs; but tranquillity of mind is of more value in restoring the bodily powers than mere muscular exertion. How soon does strong mental agitation derange every thing in the system? Grief refuses food;—terror becomes faint and pale;—and long continued anxiety will bring the strongest to the grave. Music reverses these effects, and while it calms the mind, invigorates the body.

4. Its influence is favorable upon the mental powers. From its very nature, it cultivates the habits of order and union. All must follow a precise rule, and act together in obedience to a leader; and the habit thus acquired in one pursuit, necessarily has its influence in others.

5. It improves the heart. No one will question its power to soften the character and elevate the feelings. It diverts, too, the young from amusements of a questionable character; and it is said that a reformation has, in more than one village and district, been effected, by introducing vocal music among the youth. In the schools upon the continent of Europe, it has been found materially to promote the

good order and discipline of the pupils; to render them more kind to each other, and more obedient to their teachers.

The full influence of music is only felt where it is combined with appropriate words, and is employed in fixing useful instruction in the mind, and elevated and devotional feelings in the heart. Good or evil principles may be fixed most deeply by its influence. The Marseilles Hymn has often nerved the arm to bloodshed, while the songs of Zion have brought to penitence many a sinful heart. It has been justly observed, that the ballads of a nation have more influence than its laws; and in a country, where the laws and the government are based upon the character of the people, it becomes of inconceivable importance that every avenue to the conscience and the heart be guarded by virtue and piety. It is with the hope of contributing to this result, that these songs are given to the public. A large portion of them are translated from works which were collected by the Rev. William C. Woodbridge,* during a recent visit to Germany, and placed by him in the hands of the Editors, with the hope of rendering them useful to the children and youth of this country.

They have peculiar claims to confidence, on the ground that they are derived from collections formed with great care, by individuals familiar with the wants and feelings of children; and have been found by experience admirably adapted to cultivate the powers, elevate the taste, improve the character, and cheer and animate the hearts of whole communities of children. They have also received the sanction of the public guardians of education in many parts of Europe, and form a part of that course of instruction which is deemed indispensable to a well organized school. Most of them have been translated by Mr. S. F. Smith,† in

* Editor of the *Annals of Education*.

† Of the Theological Seminary, Andover.

such a manner as to preserve the music as originally written. The same gentleman has also furnished several very beautiful original songs. A number have been taken from an interesting little volume of Poems for Children, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and a few from other sources. To these, original music has been written.

It will be seen that some of the songs are intended to be mere expressions of childish pleasure;—others, descriptions of the warmest and best feelings of the heart;—and others still associate moral and religious instruction with the objects we see, and the common events we witness; and thus serve to lead the child ‘through nature up to nature’s God.’ Could we put such songs into the mouths of the numerous children of our country, who does not perceive the happy influence, which would be exerted on the feelings and manners and morals of the rising generation, on whose character the future destiny of the country depends?

LOWELL MASON,
E. IVES, JR.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
All the week we spend (The Sabbath School)	25
And they brought unto Jesus young children (Recit.)	69
Arouse up, ye sleepers	58
Arrayed in robes of morning (The Rising Sun)	67
A star shines in the heavens	31
Blest the day's returning	27
Bliss is hovering, smiling everywhere	52
By the moon, so brightly shining (Sailing on'the Water)	29
Charming little valley	28
Chirping little cricket	62
Come, children, and now to the garden we'll go	36
Down in a green and shady bed	30
Friends, awake ! (The Morning Call)	9
For our life so young and pleasing (Prayer before School)	50
From his humble, grassy bed (The Lark)	23
Glide along our bonny boat (Boat Song)	12
Good night	47
Hear the bird singing (The Whippoorwill)	13
How beautiful the morning (Summer Morning)	48
How bright and fair	24
How sweet is the day	26
How sweet 't is to play	65
How sweetly peal (The Wood Horn)	60
Humble is my little cottage	21
I am a cuckoo (The Cuckoo)	44
I am a little weaver	56
If ever I see	22

In the cool and leafy grove	34
Kind the spring appears (Spring Flowers)	15
Like a May day (Round)	40
Little cooling meadow spring	11
Little vale, &c. (Salutation to the Village) . . .	37
Look! the black cloud (The Thunder Storm) . .	43
Mary had a little lamb	61
Morning star and evening star	68
Now gloomy night is gone (Morning Song) . . .	54
Now the gloomy winter days (The Bright Hearth)	41
Now the summer days are past (Winter Song) . .	64
O come to the garden	10
O how delightful 't is to walk	51
O Lord! while angels praise thee	46
O mother, dearest mother (Longing to walk) . .	16
On mountain top ,	19
Our Father in heaven (Lord's Prayer)	33
O see how bright (Our Pleasant Village) . . .	39
Rich after dull and shade-brooding night . . .	63
See the light is fading (Evening)	53
See the rain is falling	57
See the stars are coming	45
See the sun, with golden rays	18
Silent vale (Farewell to the Village)	38
Sleep, baby! sleep (The Cradle Song)	14
Suffer little children to come unto me (Anthem) .	69
The best of friends in heaven dwelleth	59
The pleasing spring has come again	32
The spring has come	35
The summer evening	49
The wintry winds are gone	42
Through the bushy fields	66
Through the lawns and groves (Little Wanderer's Song)	17
Within a vale (The Violet)	20
Ye shepherds, behold (The Shepherd)	55

THE MORNING CALL.

9

Con Spirito.

M.

Cres.

Friends awake! From its slumbers now awak-ing, Thro' the

eastern darkness breaking, See the morn - - - ing star!

Friends awake! Friends awake! wake!

2

Brother wake!

Hark! the cheerful lark is singing,
And the hills and dales are ringing
With her joyful hymn!

Brother wake! brother wake! wake!

3

Sister wake!

Every thing is now reviving,
Every one around is striving
For some new delight.

Sister wake! sister wake! wake!

4

All awake!

See the sun with splendor beaming,
O'er the distant waters streaming,
Pours his glorious light.
All awake! all awake! wake!

THE GARDEN.

Allegretto.

O come to the gar - den, dear

mates of the school, And rove through the

bow - ers so fra - grant and cool.

2

We'll gather the lily and jessamine fair,
And twine them with roses to garland our hair.

3

We'll cut all the sweetest to make a bouquet,
To give to our teacher this warm summer day.

4

Then hie to our school-room, with joy and with glee,
And sing our sweet ballads, so happy are we.

Sing the last verse very soft. and repeat it loud.

THE MEADOW SPRING.

11

Andantino.

Little cool - ing meadow spring, Bright and sparkling,

full and free, List - en while our song we sing,

For it is a song to thee.

2

Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty from our play;
And we gather as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.


3

Often on thy border green,
Plucking flow'rs, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

4

Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear,
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

5

We are passing, like thy wave,
Onward to our final home : 
† We shall slumber in the grave,
But there is a heaven to come

† Sing this line soft and slow, and pause on the word 'grave.'

THE BOAT SONG.

Allegretto.

Glide a - long, our bon - ny boat! The

lake is gleaming, With sunlight beaming:

Light - - ly o'er its bo - - som float.

2 3

Now we speed our shining way! Flies the mist before the wind!
 Now rocking hither, And as we glide
 Now rocking thither, Along the tide,
 O'er the waters, blithe and gay! How we leave the shore behind!

4

Onward then, our little boat!
 All our hours
 Are twin'd with flowers,
 While we on the bright wave float!

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

13

Moderato.

M.

P.

Hear the bird singing so sweet and so clear— Fear thy God! Fear thy

God! 'Tis Whippoorwill cries in your ear. In green bushes warbling with

leaves all con - - ceal'd, He warns the tired reaper who comes from the

field—Thank thy God! Thank thy God! For he is so bounteous and kind

2
Hear him again with his varying song—
Praise thy God! Praise thy God!
'Tis he that hath bless'd thee so long.
Behold the full harvest and fruits of the field,
And taste the rich pleasures and comforts they
yield—
Love thy God! Love thy God!
For he is so gracious and good.

3
When the dark tempest o'erwhelms thee with
fear—
Pray to God! Pray to God!
For then he will always be near;
And when thou art weary, with sorrow oppress'd,
Let Whippoorwill's music still calm thee to rest—
Trust in God! Trust in God!
For he is both faithful and just

THE CRADLE SONG.

Moderato. M. Staccato.

Sleep, ba-by! sleep. Our cottage vale is

Instrument.

deep; The lit-tle lamb is on the green With

P.P.

snowy fleece, so soft and clean. Sleep, baby! sleep.

2
Sleep, baby! sleep.
I would not, would not weep;
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his
eyes!
Sleep, baby! sleep.

3
Sleep, baby. sleep.
Near where the woodbines creep—
Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle
child:
Sleep, baby! sleep.

4
Sleep, baby! sleep.
Thy rest shall angels keep:
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep, baby! sleep.

SPRING FLOWERS.

15

Andantino.

Kind the Spring appears, Softest smiles it wears;

Pretty flow'rs are springing; Little birds are singing

On the lofty trees, Waving in the breeze.

2

Sister, on the ground
Many flowers we found;
Yet we will be seeking,
On the green bank sleeping,
By the rivulet,
Tender violet.

3

How it fills the air
With its fragrance there!
Lovely little flower,
Bending to the shower,
May we learn of thee
Sweet humility.

LONGING TO WALK.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and instrument. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' The lyrics are: 'O mother, dearest mother, A walk I long to take, A- long the sunny border Of yonder glassy lake. Of yonder glassy lake.' The score consists of three systems. The first system has two staves: the top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the instrument. The second system also has two staves. The third system has a single staff. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

O mother, dearest mother, A walk I long to take, A-
Instrument.
long the sunny border Of yonder glassy lake. Of yonder glassy lake.

²
MOTHER. "My daughter, dearest daughter,
You must not go alone;
But wait and walk with brother,
Where flowers so gay are blown."

³
DAUGHTER. "O mother, dearest mother,
My brother is a child;
He kills the little songster
That cheers the forest wild."

⁴
MOTHER. "Well, daughter, dearest daughter,
You must not go alone;
Walk with your little sister,
Where flowers so sweet are strown."

⁵
DAUGHTER "O mother, dearest mother,
My sister is a child;
She plucks each little flower,
That blooms so soft and mild."

⁶
MOTHER "Then take your book, my daughter,
And sit by me awhile,
Till, on the polished water,
The parting sunbeams smile."

⁷
"And we will walk together,
Where the tall fir trees nod;
And hear the pious cotter
Sing evening praise to God."

THE LITTLE WANDERERS' SONG.

17

Allegro.

Through the lawns and groves be - fore us, Let us wan - der

blithe and gay, And to cheer us on our way, We will sing a joyful chorus:

Free from care and free from harm, Let us ramble arm in arm.

2
What care we for all your pleasures,
Ye that ride, or ye that sail?
All our toil is but a tale,
While we look for flowery treasures—
New delights where'er we go,
Can we weary?—No! no! no!

3
What care we how far we wander,
Whether rough or smooth the way?
Whether shines the sultry ray,
Whether rolls the distant thunder?—
On we'll go till night-fall come,
Then away to home, sweet home!

2 *

4
Come and pluck the beauteous flowers,
See them smiling all around:
Hark! I hear a charming sound
Swelling from yon shady bowers!
'Tis the little timid thrush,
Come and listen—Hush! hush! hush!

5
Thus, our warm affections plighted
Through this earthly pilgrimage,
We'll each other's cares assuage.
Thus with heart to heart united,
May we ramble hand in hand
In that bright and better land.

Andantino.

See the sun, with golden rays, Ever shining o'er us,

See the trees, and hills, and vales, Ever spread be - - fore us'

Ev - er is the earth the same, All its joys are fleet - ing. Days come

as they al - - ways came, Still their course re - - peat - - ing.

Years come on, and years depart,
 Seasons still are ending,
 Flowers bloom and flowers fade,
 All to dust are tending :
 Kingdoms full of might and pride,
 Fading glory borrow ;
 Lay their might and power aside—
 What are they tomorrow!

As the arrow from the string,
 Or the swift bird, flying;
 So we all are hastening,
 To the hour of dying.
 To the grave the aged bows,
 On his weak staff leaning;
 And the freshness of the young
 His red cheek is leaving.

4
 Fleeting time conducts us on,
 Let us cheerful follow,
 'Till we come where Jesus is,
 Where there's no more sorrow.
 Hastening onward to the grave,
 Here we ask one favor,
 Saviour lead us to thy throne,
 O forsake us never.

ON MOUNTAIN TOP.

19

Larghetto.

On mountain top, There dwells a God of might; He sheds the morning

light; And wa - ters with the dew - - - The flow'rs of every hue. On mountain

top, On mountain top, A gracious, gracious Father dwells.

2	3	4
On mountain top	On mountain top	On mountain top
The grazing cattle stray,	The sun with golden beam	The shepherd loves to pray
The tender lambkins play,	Shines on the glitt'ring stream,	At early dawn of day;
And all in gladness share	And on its grassy brink [drink.	And as he lower bends,
A bounteous Father's care.	The beauteous white flocks	His soul to God ascends.
On mountain top, &c.	On mountain top, &c.	On mountain top, &c.

THE VIOLET.

Allegretto

With - - in a vale it dwelt, When

Instrument.

morn's first ray it felt, The flow'r of softest

hue, The vi - - o - - let so sweet, so blue.

2

3

Mild from the moss it peep'd,
In its gold bosom slept
The spring-dew's gentle gleams,
As pure, as pure, as liquid
gems.

Amid the zephyr's play,
It breathed its scent away
Upon a pure sun-ray,
And died, and died, in beauteous
May.

HUMBLE IS MY LITTLE COTTAGE (Round.) 21

Moderato.

1 Hum - ble is my lit - - - tle cottage,

2 An - ger nev - er dwells a - mong us,

3 Kindness there you al - ways see:

2 Yet it is the seat of bliss,

3 On - - ly peace and hap - pi - ness,

1 And the sweet - est har - mo - ny.

"IF EVER I SEE."

Allegro.

If ever I see, On bush or tree, Young

Instrument.

birds in a pret - ty nest, I must not, in my

play, Steal the birds away, To grieve their mother's breast.

2

My mother, I know,
 Would sorrow so,
 Should I be stolen away:
 So I'll speak to the birds
 In my softest words,
 Nor hurt them in my play.

THE LARK.

23

Brilliant.

From his humble grassy bed, See the warbling lark arise! By his grateful

wishes led, Thro' the regions of the skies. Songs of thanks and praise he pours, Harmonizing

airy space, Sings, and mounts, and higher soars T'wards the throne of heav'nly grace.

2

Small his gifts compared to mine,
 Poor my thanks with his compared:
 I've a soul almost divine;
 Angels blessings with me shared.
 Wake, my soul, to praise aspire,
 Reason, every sense accord,
 Join in pure seraphic fire;
 Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.

HOW BRIGHT AND FAIR.

Allegretto. *Cres.*

The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is in 6/8 time and features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. Dynamics include *Cres.* (Crescendo), *F.* (Forte), *M.* (Mezzo), and *P.* (Piano). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

How bright and fair Thy footsteps are, O Nature! to our
 eyes! We see them in the lowly vale, The meadow green, the waterfall, Where
 smiles the plain With waving grain, And where the mountains rise.

In joyous May,
 In autumn day,
 Thy glowing beauties shine;
 The lovely tints of fields and flowers,
 The purple clusters in the bowers,
 The healthful breeze,
 The blooming trees,
 O Nature! all are thine!

The fountain clear,
 The crystal tear,
 Both gushing bright, are thine.
 The birds on every forest tree
 Awake their silvery melody,
 And old and young
 In noble song
 Their nobler voices join.

4

With joy and glee
 We'll follow thee
 Our life's long journey o'er:
 Where'er we see thy lovely face,
 Where'er thy beauteous steps we trace,
 Till we shall stand
 In yon fair land,
 And Nature's God adore.

Allegretto.

All the week we spend Full of childish bliss, }
Eve - ry changing scenc Brings its hap - pi - ness; } Yet our

Instrument.

joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School.—Yet our joys would

not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School.—Had we not the Sabbath School.

2
Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath-day;
Then our infant thoughts are full
Of the precious Sabbath School.

3
To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought.
Gracious news and merciful,
How we love the Sabbath School !

4
Teachers you are kind,
Thus to point the road,
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God.
May we all be dutiful,
In the precious Sabbath School.

5
Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

HOW SWEET IS THE DAY.

Allegretto.

How sweet is the day, When leaving our play, The

Instrument.

Saviour we seek, The Saviour we seek! The fair morning glows, When

Jesus a - rose—The best in the week! The best in the week!

2

The sabbath-bell rings,
The full choir sings,
The minister prays;
And God's holy word
Devoutly is heard,
And given his grace.

3

The dear place of prayer—
Our teachers are there,
To point us above;
Their hearts burn with zeal,
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.

4

To school, then, we'll go,
For surely we know
Our sabbaths must end;
O then to the skies,
Redeemed may we rise
To Jesus our friend.

BLEST THE DAY'S RETURNING.

27

Andantino.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major, common time) and an instrumental line (bass clef, key of D major, common time). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:
 Blest the day's returning, When the Saviour rose; Holy thought a-

System 2:
 waking, While devotion glows. And we learn the story Of the Lord of

System 3:
 glo - ry, Kind and merciful,— In the Sabbath school.

2

Great is the salvation
 Sounded in our ears,
 Sweet the invitation,
 Which the humble hears.
 As we learn the story
 Of the God of glory,
 Kind and merciful,—
 In the sabbath school.

3

Let our minds be wakeful,
 Foolish thoughts away;
 Let our hearts be grateful
 Every sabbath day.
 While we learn the story
 Of the Lord of glory,
 Kind and merciful,—
 In the sabbath school.

THE LITTLE VALLEY

Allegro.

Charming lit - tle valley, Smiling all so

gaily, Like an angel's brow; Spreading out thy treasures,

Calling us to pleasures, In - no - cent as thou.

2

Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers
Twining wreaths of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.

3

May our spirits daily
Be like thee, sweet valley,
Tranquil and serene;
Emblem to us given
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.

SAILING ON THE WATER.

29

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is simple and nautical in style, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the corresponding musical lines.

By the moon so brightly shining O'er the calm unruffled tide: On its bosom
 soft reclining, Gently up and down we ride. Little boat thou movest onward Without
 sail and without mast, Little stream that flowest downward, Bearing us upon thy breast.

2

While our boat, a little ranger,
 Through the meadows glides along,
 Free from fear and free from danger,
 Sing we now our little song.
 Ocean's grandeur, ocean's treasure,
 Ocean's beauty charm us not,
 We are tasting sweeter pleasure,
 Floating in this little spot.

3 *

3

Vain is all that gold can offer,
 Vain the sceptre and the crown;
 False the happiness they proffer,
 Fleeting all the joys they own.
 With our humble lot contented,
 This is all the boon we crave;
 When life's voyage shall be ended,
 Peaceful rest beyond the grave.

DOWN IN A GREEN AND SHADY BED.

Allegretto.

Down in a green and shady bed A modest violet grew; Its

stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view. And yet it was a lovely flow'r, Its

colors bright, and fair; It might have grac'd a rosy bower, Instead of hiding there.

2

Yet there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed;
 And there it spread its sweet perfume
 Within the silent shade.
 Then let me to the valley go,
 This pretty flower to see;
 That I may also learn to grow,
 In sweet humility.

THE STAR.

31

Andante.

A star shines in the heavens, With

Instrument.

soft and ten - der light; How pleasant is its

radiance! 'Tis gone,—and now, 'tis bright.

2

I knew the place at evening,
Where in the sky it stood,
Where doves all-day were cooing
O'er green and shady wood

3

I looked to see it glimmer,
Up in the brilliant blue;
For to its nightly station,
It soon would come, I knew.

32 THE PLEASING SPRING HAS COME AGAIN.

Andantino.

The pleasant Spring has come again, The pretty birds are here; The

grass grows in the gentle rain, And buds and flow'rs appear—And buds and flow'rs appear.

I love to see the sky so clear, And all things look so gay; The fairest month in

all the year Is sweet and sunny May— Is sweet and sun - ny May.

2
And well I know the cold deep snow
And winter storms are past;
Now merrily to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.

Andante.

Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! May

thy kingdom holy On earth be the same! O, give to us daily Our

portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

2

Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion
 That pardons each foe;
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory
 Forever—Amen!

Allegro.

In the cool and leafy grove, Hand in hand we love to rove,

While in every sha - dy tree, Birds tune up their mel - o - dy ;

Let us join their pretty song, And the har - mo - ny pro - long.

2
Of the mighty oaks we'll sing,
And the flowers that near them spring,
Of the trees above our head,
And the grass on which we tread ;
Of the little verdant hills,
Purling brooks and running rills.

3
Listen how the rustling leaves,
Ever quivering in the breeze,
Send forth each a separate sound,
To the echoing woods around ;—
Sounds of praise to him who made
Pine clad hills and forest-glade.

4
See ! around the brilliant flowers,
Freshened by the evening showers ;
Bright by morning, bright by night,
When comes, and when fades the light,
In the cool and leafy grove,
Hand in hand we love to rove.

THE SPRING IS COME.

35

Allegretto.

F.

M.

The Spring is come! and vales and mountains Are cloth'd a - new in

Instrument.

lovely green; And purl - ing streams and glassy fountains, And blooming flow'rs a -

dorn the scene. Oh list - en, listen to the in - sect hum, Oh lis - ten

list - en to the in - - sect hum, The Spring, the Spring is come.

2
The Spring is come! new life is gleaming
O'er all the earth and brilliant sky;
The warm sun on the world is beaming,
And heaven is full of melody.
Oh listen, &c.

3
The Spring is come! away with dulness—
Go to the rich and verdant fields,
While morning glows in all its fulness,
Go taste the joys the spring-time yields.
And listen, &c.

Allegretto.

Come chil - dren, and now to the gar - den we'll

go, Where snow-drops and cowslips and butter cups grow. Where

snow-drops and cowslips and but - ter - cups grow.

2

The blossoms we'll pluck with a childish delight,
And get us a bunch of the red and the white.

3

We'll plant the dark roots, and the shoots we'll stick down,
To weave us next may-day a flowery crown.

4

Again at our school, when the loud bell shall ring,
Our books we will read, and our songs we will sing.

SALUTATION TO THE VILLAGE.

37

Andante.

Little vale, with fairy meadows, Trees, that spread your leafy hands,
Flowers clothed in softest beauty, Loveli - - er than eastern lands;

Instrument.

Village! home of every treasure, Thee we sing in strains of pleasure.

Village, in the silent vale, Lovely vil - lage ! thee we hail !

2

Oft thy pleasant evening shadows
Make our troubled passions cease;
Oft thy melody of rivers
Fills our souls with joy and peace;
Village, tender thought promoting—
Like the clouds in azure floating;
Village in the silent vale,
Lovely village! thee we hail !

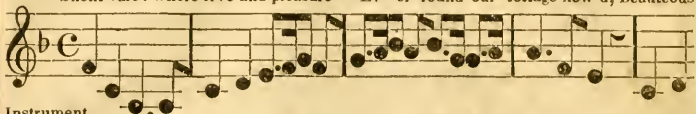
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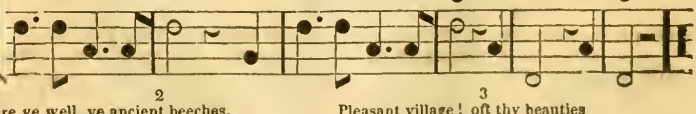
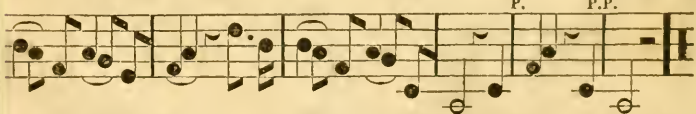
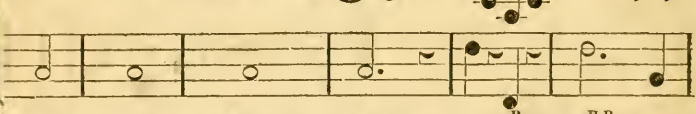
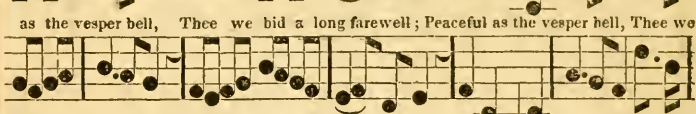
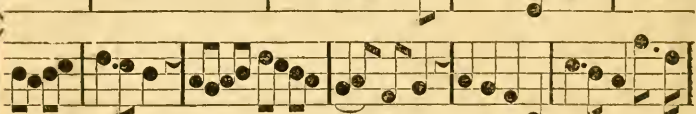
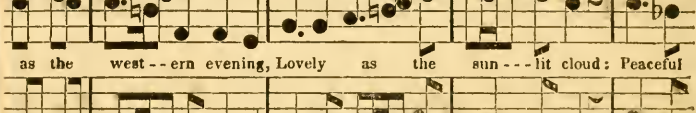
In thy green and sunny pastures,
Near thy bright and glassy streams,
Free from care, we love to wander,
Cheered by summer's radiant beams.
Scenes of sweetest recollection
Sacred to the soul's reflection,
Village in the silent vale,
Lovely village! thee we hail !

FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE

Larghetto.



Instrument.



2
Fare ye well, ye ancient beeches,
Which have shielded oft our head ;
Still be green, ye sunny meadows,
Fields, with brightest flowers be spread ;
Fields, where oft the reaper's song
Rolled in echoes sweet and strong,
Farewell !

3
Pleasant village ! oft thy beauties
Shall revive within our breast ;
And the lovely recollection
Soothe, like visits from the blest.
Often to our tearful eyes
Shall thy cherished image rise.
Farewell.

OUR PLEASANT VILLAGE.

39

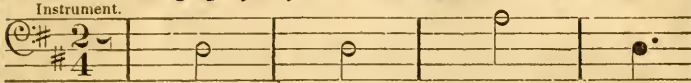
Andante.



O see how bright and sweetly shines Our village in the evening;



Instrument.



While crimson clouds and streaks of gold Their fairy forms are weaving: How peaceful



P.

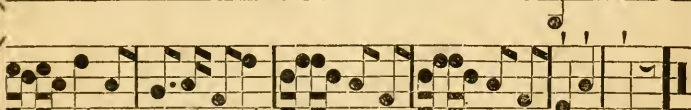
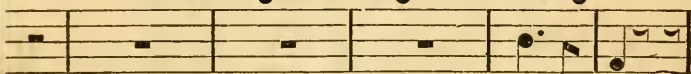
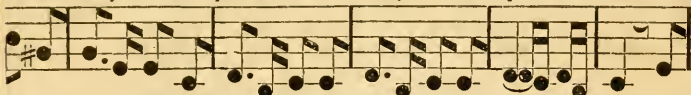
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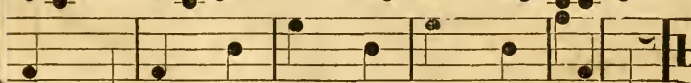
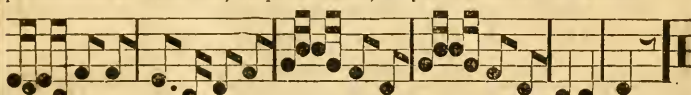
F.



is the dewy air! How peaceful is the dewy air! No place on earth—No



place on earth is half so fair, No place on earth, No place on earth is half so fair.



Look how the distant window panes,
The parting sunbeams lighten;
And autumn's scarlet-colored leaves,
Touched by the red rays, brighten:
O see our pretty village there,
No place on earth is half so fair.

And now the burning sun is gone;
It only tips the towers
That rise above the temple-roof;
And now the darkness lowers.
But still our village glimmers there,
No place on earth is half so fair.

LIKE A MAYDAY (Round.)

Andante.

1 Like a May - - day

2 Like a May - - day

3 Ev - - ery joy the

bright and cloud - less, Youth is

bright and cloud - less, Youth is

world can fur - - nish, Has - - tens

van - - ish - - - ing a - way;

van - - ish - - - ing a way;

quick - - - ly to de - - cay.

Allegretto.

Now the gloo - my win - ter days, Clouds and storms are coming on,

Instrument.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first two staves are for a vocal melody in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 6/8 time. The third staff is for an instrumental accompaniment in bass clef, same key and time. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

But our cheer - ful hearth doth blaze Brighter than the sum - mer sun.

This section continues the musical score with three more staves, maintaining the same key and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff of this section.

2

Here, my mother, we can stay
 With thee, in this pleasant room;
 Who would ask abroad to play,
 When so cheerful is their home?

3

Soft the song of summer bird,
 Sweet the breath of summer flower,
 But a kind, a loving word,
 Comes with sweeter, softer power.

4

Mother, when the loving voice
 Checks or cheers, we will obey,
 And be silent, or rejoice
 Through this stormy, gloomy day.

5

And when evening shades appear,
 Brighter still will glow our hearth,
 Then our *father* will be here,
 And his smile will join our mirth.

INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY

Allegro.

The wintry winds are gone; Fresh dews and summer

Instrument.

showers, Green grass and blooming flowers, Now deck the

pleasant lawn. Now deck the pleas - ant lawn.

2
Come, see the springing corn!
Come hear the soft winds singing!
Come hear their music ringing,
At crimson eve and morn.

3
Come to the land of song—
The land of sweetest fragrance;
Where pleasure throws its radiance,
And music floats along.

4
Up to the hill-tops come—
Where bloom the smiling flowers;
And spring, with freshened powers,
Awakes its insect hum.

THE THUNDER STORM.

43

Moderato.

Look! the black cloud ri - ses high—Now it spreads a-

long the sky— See! the quiv - - ering light - nings fly—

Hark! the thun - der roars, Hark! the thun - der roars.

2

Yet will I not shrink with fear,
When the thunder crash I hear;
Soon the rainbow will appear,
And the storm be o'er.

3

In the summer's sultry day,
When the hot winds round us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more.

4

But the dark clouds fill the skies,
And the vivid lightning flies:
When the cooling winds arise,
And our pains are o'er.

5

Never will I feel alarm,
God can shield us from all harm;
In the sunshine or the storm,
God will I adore.

THE CUCKOO.

Allegro.

I am a cuckoo, my name is cuckoo, the children call me

Instrument.

cuckoo, And should you ev r forget my name, I'll al - - ways tell you,

cuckoo; When winter comes the woods are my home, In summer I sing in the

meadows: Thus lives the cuckoo, his mate the cuckoo and all the lit - tle cuckoos.

SEE, THE STARS ARE COMING.

45

Andantino.

See, the stars are coming In the fair blue skies! Mother, look! they

brighten; Are they an - gel's eyes? 'No, my child, the splen - dor

of those stars is given, Like the hues of flowers, By the Lord of heaven.

2

"Mother, if I study,
 Sure he'll let me know
 Why those stars he lighted
 O'er our earth to glow."
 "Child, what God has finished
 Has a glorious aim;
 Thine it is to worship,
 Thine to love his name."

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Moderato.

O Lord! while an - gels praise thee, And

all cre - a - tion sings, To thee al - migh - ty

spir - -- it! My soul its trib - ute brings.

2

The morning stars all praise thee ;
 The heavenly host on high.
 The beams of early dawning,
 And purple evening sky.

3

The fragrant springing-flowers,
 And summer's glowing rays,
 The golden fruits of autumn,
 And winters frozen days.

4

With pleasure thou dost listen,
 To hear an infant sing,
 Thou wilt accept the praises
 That little children bring.

5

To thee I give my being,
 I consecrate my days ;
 And every day my duty
 Shall be to sing thy praise.

GOOD NIGHT.

47

Larghetto.

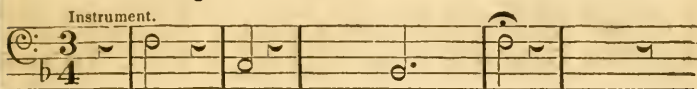
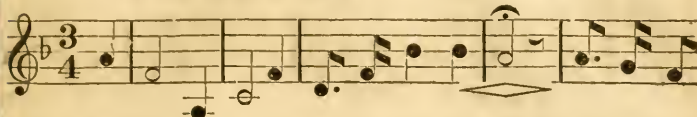
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P.



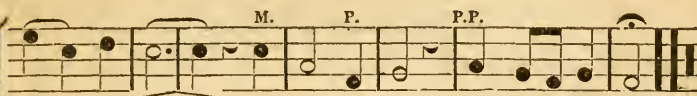
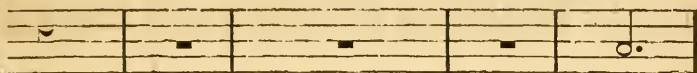
Good night! good night! To all a kind good night! Lo the moon



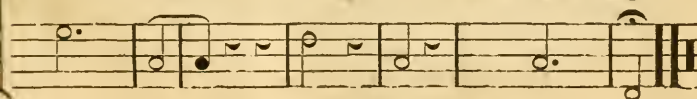
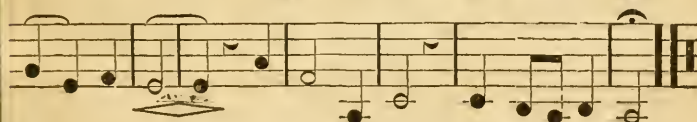
Instrument.



from heaven's beaming, O'er the silver waters streaming, 'Tis the hour of



calm de - - light; Goodnight! Goodnight! Good - - - - night!



2

3

Good night!

To all a kind good night!

Angel like while earth is sleeping,

Stars above their watch are keeping,

As the star of Bethlehem, bright!

Good night.

Good night!

To all a kind good night!

Slumber sweetly till the morning,

Till the sun the world adorning,

Rise in all his glorious might!

Good night.

SUMMER MORNING.

Allegretto.

How beautiful the morning, When summer days are long; O we will

rise betimes and hear, The wild-birds' happy song—For when the sun pours down his ray The

bird will cease to sing; She'll seek the cool and silent shade, And sit with folded wing.

2

Up in the morning early—
 'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
 While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
 And fragrance fills the flowers —
 Up in the morning early,
 And we will bound abroad
 And fill our hearts with melody,
 And raise our songs to God.

Moderato.

The summer evening, Bright wreaths is weaving, Round vale and

Instrument.

hill, Round vale and hill, The dewy flow - ers, Perfume the

bow - ers, And all is still, And all is still.

2
The moon shines brightly;
The birds rest lightly,
Among the trees:
The reapers singing,
Are homeward bringing
Their yellow sheaves.

3
Now day is over—
The little rover
Must be at rest—
Till purple morning,
Awakes the dawning,
In glory drest.

PRAYER BEFORE SCHOOL.

Moderato.

For our life, so young and pleas - ing, Father we

Sing to thee Prais - es nev - er ceas - ing.

2

3

Let us, filled with pious feeling,
Waked from rest,
Neatly drest,
Humbly now be kneeling.

Give us, Lord, a zeal for learning,
Mercy we
Seek from thee;
Make our minds discerning.

4

May we, through the love of Jesus,
Feel thy power
Every hour,
From our sins to save us.

Allegretto.

O how de-light-ful 'tis to walk, A -

Instrument.

mong the trees o'er-shad-ing. At dewy morn, or

when the light From evening's sky is fad-ing.

2

The gentle winds are whispering
Among the leafy branches,
And little insects on the wing,
Are wheeling merry dances.

3

The air with sweetest fragrance breathes
The hills are deck'd with flowers;
And all the scene is beautiful,
As rainbows after showers.

Allegro.

Bliss is hov'ring smiling ev - ry where,

Hov'ring o'er the verdant mountain, Smiling in the glassy fountain,

Bliss is hov'ring smiling ev - ry where.

2

Innocence unseen is ever near;
In the tall tree top it lingers,
In the nest of feathered singers;
Innocence unseen is ever near.

3

Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near;
From the green bank deck'd with flowers,
Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;—
Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near.

4

Up—and weave us now a flowery crown;
See the blossoms all unfolding,
Each its beauteous station holding;—
Up—and weave us now a flowery crown.

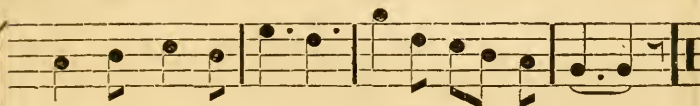
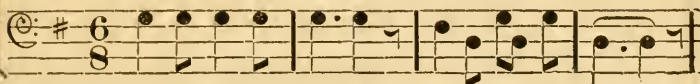
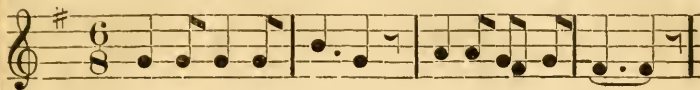
5

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;
Sings the Cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;—
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.

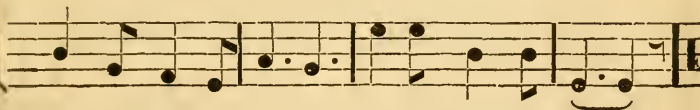
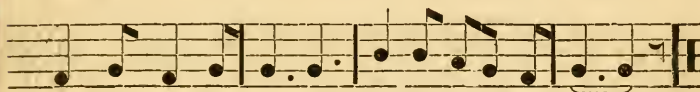
Andante.



See the light is fading, From the western sky ;



Day thou art de - parting, Night is draw - ing night.



2

Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.

3

See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblems ever cheering
Of eternal light.

MORNING SONG.

Andante.

Now gloomy night is gone, And smiling day comes
on; The morning dawn is breaking, And we, from slumbers waking, Look
up to thee our Sav- iour, And seek thy daily fav- or.

2

Grant us thy watchful care,
To save from ev'ry snare,
O make us good and holy,
And teach us to be lowly,
And kind in every feeling,
And to each other yielding.

3

If pain and want we bear,
Be thou our Saviour there,
To shine upon us brighter,
And make the sorrows lighter,
That are to mortals given
To make them fit for heaven.

4

Lord, give us daily food,
And make us mild and good;
And when the clouds of evening
Their glowing forms are weaving,
We'll look to thee our Saviour
And praise thee for thy favor !

Allegretto.

Ye shepherds behold from his far beaming

Instrument.

height, The day sinks in beauty, dear friends, good night.

2

Then turning, the shepherd, with joy-crowded thought,
Through evening's first twilight, his sweet home sought.

3

He bade kind adieu to the stars o'er his head—
The Shepherd's days flew, but his peace ne'er fled.

4

As brilliant the dreams round his quiet sleep rise,
As Abel's the Shepherd of Paradise.

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

Allegro.

I am a lit - tle weav - er, and pleas - ant aro my
 days, My lit - tle wheel keeps whirling, and round me Kit - ty plays;
 My life so calm and hap - py, so bright and ac - tive is, There
 is no joy I wish for, to crown my earth - ly bliss.

2
 My songs are never silent but in the peaceful night,
 I always rise to labor when day is growing light;
 But though I am so busy, I'm sure I do not care,
 They rather should be pitied who always idle are.

3 [long.
 And while my wheel keeps whirling, the hours they seem not
 I feel all day so happy, so lively is my song;
 My work, it never wearis, but gives me health, you see,
 And I am always cheerful,—O don't you envy me?

4
 I care not for the dainties, and all the splendid things,
 That from beyond the ocean, the rich man's vessel brings;
 My daily food, so humble, I am content to eat,
 Nor will I ever envy the wealthy, or the great.

THE RAIN.

57

Andante.

See the rain is fall - ing On the mountain's side! See the clouds dis-

persing, Blessings far and wide! See the cooling shower, Brightens every

flower, Makes the sun parch'd land With fresh blooms ex - pand.

2

Now the rain is over—
 See the painted bow
 O'er the cloudy hill-top
 All its colors show!
 God is ever faithful—
 Let us all be grateful
 For the rain and dew
 And the cloudless blue

AROUSE UP YE SLEEPERS.

Allegro.

Arouse up ye sleepers, the morning has come, The sun has a-

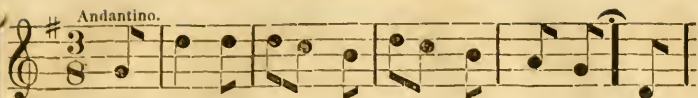
wakened the insects soft hum; The sheep to the fields go, The

men to the meadow, And all to their labor till daylight grow low.

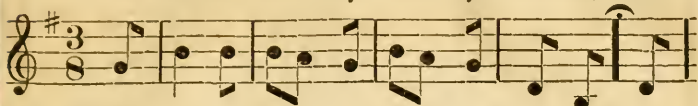
3

O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams,
 The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams;
 Your downy bed leaving,
 Go forth till the evening,
 Its fragrant air breathes, and the night-warblers sing.

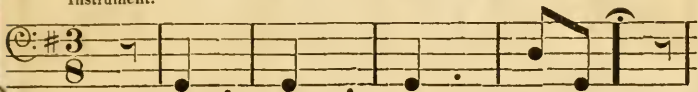
Andantino.



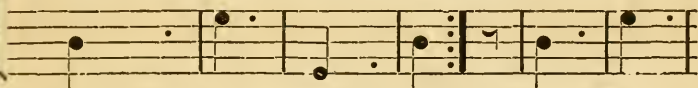
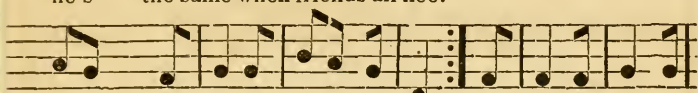
The best of friends in heav - en dwelleth; There's
The tru - est heart may false - ly wander; But



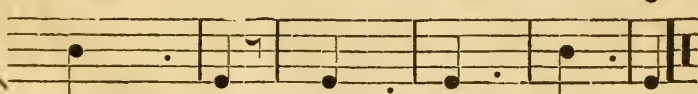
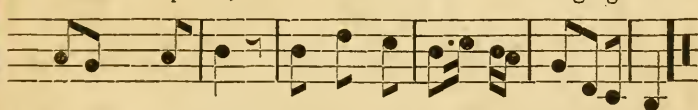
Instrument.



none on earth so firm as he; Tho' friends may fail and
he's the same when friends all flee.



friend - ship end, He is a nev - er changing friend.



2

Inconstant man is ever changing—
But like a rock my Saviour, stands ;
And I can go and come in safety,
Supported by his powerful hands;
Though friends may fail and friendships end,
He is a never changing friend.

THE WOOD HORN

Andante.

How sweet - ly peal, O'er Vale & Hill, The Wood-horn's winding

notes ! So long & clear, Mid Oak-wood seer, Mid Oak-wood seer, So long & clear, The

DIM. PIA. M. DIM. PIA. PP

Ech - o floats, it floats, it floats, So long it floats, it floats, it floats.

2 3

And every tree
Upon the lea,
waves so green and hale!
So purely sweet
The waters meet—
The waters meet
So purely sweet—

Adown yon vale, yon vale, yon vale,
Adown &c.

All hearts rebound
When first resound,
Our merry notes, twin-born!
Glad beat all hearts,
When Echo starts—
When Echo starts—
Glad beat all hearts

As winds our horn, our horn, our horn,
As winds, &c.

Allegro.

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, And everywhere that

Instrument.

Mary went, The lamb was sure to go; He followed her to school one day—That

was against the rule, It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb at school.

2
So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.

6

3
What makes th' lamb love Mary so!
The eager children cry—
'O Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply;—
'And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind.

THE CRICKET.

Allegro.

Chirp - ing lit - - tle Crick - et, Singing in the thicket,

Chirp and do not cease; We will not disturb thee, On - ly let

us hear thee, Chirping, chirping, chirping, Chirp away in peace.

2

While the world is sleeping,
 Cricket, thou art peeping,
 In the rustling trees;
 Wakeful as the starlight
 Morning, Noon, and Midnight
 Chirping, chirping, chirping,
 Chirp away in peace.

3

Soon the leaves o'er shading,
 Will be seared and fading,
 Scattered on the breeze;
 While the days are lovely,
 O then let us hear thee,
 Chirping, chirping, chirping,
 Chirp away in peace.

Moderato.

Rich, after dull and shade-brooding night, Rich rises morning's beauteous light.

Instrument.

As the morning's flush to nature Man, to thee is heavenly grace; O be

thou, then, to thy race, As the morning's flush to na - ture.

2
Softly distil the dew-drops of dawn,
O'er herb and flower and garden and lawn.

As the dew-drops to the flower,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
As the dew-drops to the flower.

3

Kindly the bower with shades overspread,
Shield from hot noon the languishing head.

Like a bowery shade in summer,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
Like a bowery shade in summer.

4
Bearer of plenty, pure from the mount,
Pours o'er the fields the bright-gushing fount.

As a fount to sun-parched-pastures,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
As a fount to sun-parched pastures.

5

Pure from the storm's dread cloud-tents unfurled,
Streams forth the flag of peace o'er the world:

Like the rain-bow after tempest,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
Like the rainbow after tempest.

WINTER SONG.

Andante.

Now the summer days are past, Pleasant fruits and painted flowers: Hear the cold and

Short and gloomy are the days; Oft the storm roars round our dwelling; How the snow fills

cheerless blast Whistling through the leafless bowers. Silent is the in - - sect hum,

up the ways! List the winds, of sorrow telling; Telling of the shivering poor,

Now the wintry time has come, Silent is the insect hum, Now the wintry time has come.

O what hardships they endure! Telling of the shivering poor, O what hardships they endure!

Come around the pleasant fire,
See how sprightly it is burning!
Evening lights the tall church spire;
All are to their homes returning:
Let us try to spend it well,
'Till we hear its closing bell.

Soon the spring of life will end:
Fast our youthful days are flying!
To the grave our footsteps tend,
Where the frozen snows are lying:
Father, when our age is past,
O receive our souls at last.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO PLAY.

65

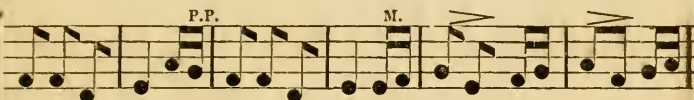
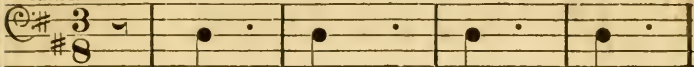
Allegro.



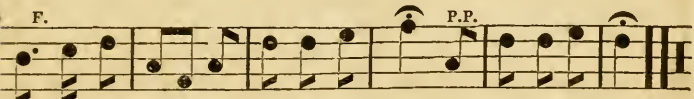
How sweet 'tis to play, In the green fields in May, Be -



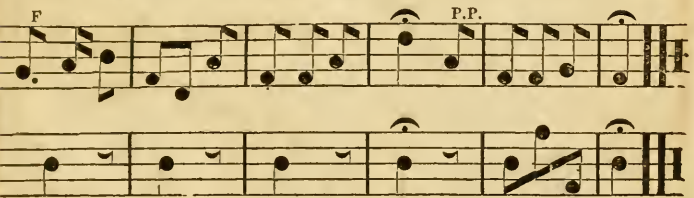
Instrument.



neath the tall trees, Beneath the tall trees; Or af - ter school hours, To



pluck the sweet flow'rs, And feel the fresh breeze, And feel the fresh breeze!



2

How pleasant to look
In the murmuring brook,
And hear its soft sound!
How happy are we!
How nimble and free
We run o'er the ground!

6*

3

Now gone is the light,
Quickly comes the dark night,
All still is the vale:
We'll go to our rest,
Nor wake till red-breast
Renews his soft tale.

Allegretto.

Through the bushy fields to run, And to see the pleasant sun, And

soft twi - - light. Through the meadows and the grove, With my

nimble feet to rove, Is my de - light, Is my de - - light.

2

3

4

From the lofty hill to see When so happy and so gay In the bower of shady trees,
 Sky serene and rolling sea, Mongst the lovely flow'rs I Shaken by a gentle breeze,
 And clouds of white: stray, When fades the light,
 And some pretty song to All fair and bright; Little Robin there to hear,
 sing Then to pluck a rose for you Singing praises without fear,
 While I hear the echo ring, Fresh and sparkling with the Is my delight.
 Is my delight. dew,
 Is my delight.

THE RISING SUN.

67

Andante.

The musical score is written for three parts: two vocal staves (treble clef, 6/8 time) and one instrumental staff (bass clef, 6/8 time). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of the song, which ends with a double bar line. The instrumental part provides a harmonic accompaniment to the vocal lines.

Ar - ray'd in robes of morning, His
daily course to run, The world with light a-
dorning, Be - - hold the ris - - ing sun.

2
O welcome glorious image
Of Justice reconciled;
So great and so majestic,
But yet so soft and mild.

3
With grateful hearts and voices
We hail thy kindly rays;
All nature now rejoices,
And sings aloud thy praise.

4
O shed thy radiance o'er us,
And cheer each youthful mind;
Like thee our Lord is glorious,
Like thee our God is kind

MORNING-STAR AND EVENING-STAR.

Moderato.

Morning star and evening star! Whom the Lord hath

kindled for us: He who promis'd, near and far, E'er to roll be-

nignant o'er us, Morning star and evening star.

2

3

Every where, and every hour,
I behold him condescending,
Watching o'er me, evermore,
Messengers of beauty sending,
Morning-star and evening-star.

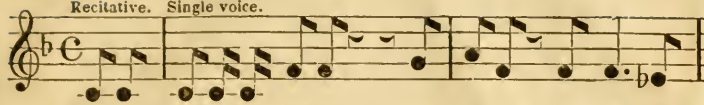
Let this tho't e'er with thee go,
Soul, to sanctify thy hours,—
While yon heav'nly fountains flow,
Gently fresh'ning all thy powers,
Morning-star and evening-star

4

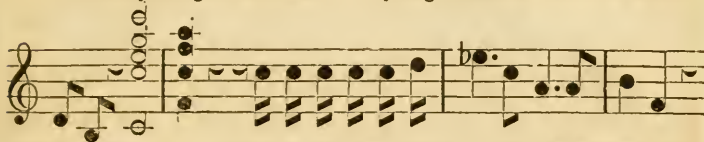
To thy Saviour, nature's King,
Let thy grateful song aspire!
Him yon suns adoring sing,
Angels hymning on the lyre—
Morning-star and evening-star.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

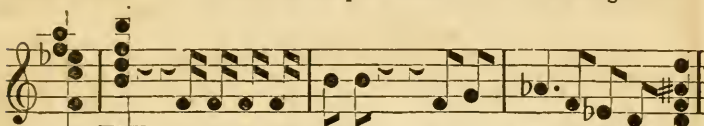
Recitative. Single voice.



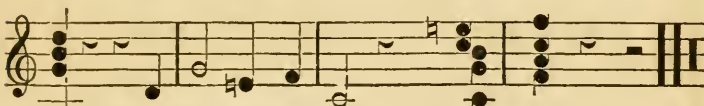
And they brought unto Jesus, young children, that he should



touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

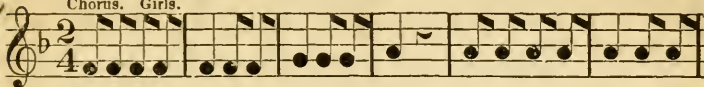


But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased,



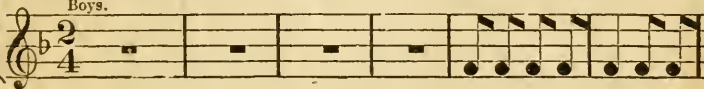
and said unto them:—

Chorus. Girls.

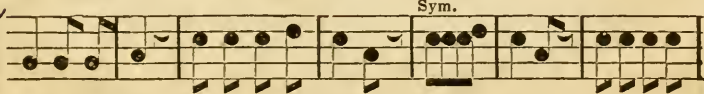


Allegro. Suffer little children to come unto me, Suffer little children to

Boys.

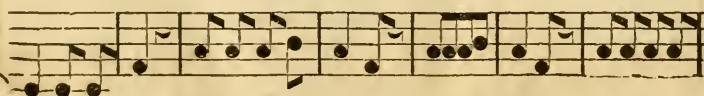


Sym.



come unto me— Suffer little children—

Suffer little



children te come unto me, and forbid them not and forbid them not

Fz. Fz.

Fz.

forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven—

Sym.

for of such is the kingdom of heaven— for of such

Sym.

is the

for of such for of such is the

kingdom of heaven— is the kingdom of heaven—

kingdom the kingdom of heaven—for of such

is the kingdom of

for of such for of such is the
heaven— is the kingdom of heaven—

kingdom the kingdom of heaven—for of such of such is the

kingdom of heaven for of such of such is the kingdom of

heaven. Halle - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Praise ye the Lord—Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,

praise ye the Lord— Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,

Halle - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord—Halle - lu jah, Halle-

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord—Halle-

lujah, Amen, Halle - lu - jah, Amen. Amen. Amen.



